O not be deceived. The following brands of White Lead are still made by the "Old Dutch" process of slow corrosion. They are standard, and always

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to you by your merchant is an evidence of his reliability, as he can sell you cheap ready-mixed paints and bogus White Lead and make a dealers do so.

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## Democratic-Northwest AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

MARTIAL law is many points ahead of anarchy, in Chicago or elsewhere.

Low wages are disagreeable, but it it should not be forgotten that strikers receive no wages.

DEBS gets \$3,000 a year, but the striker and his family only gets hungry. Hardly a fair division.

THE democratic administration has the train up the heaviest grade, even those gloomy walls. if the track has been greased.

PEOPLE who have had no personal experience in a revolution are apt to as a monument of the departed life. talk more glibly on the subject than those who know its full meaning.

THE Democratic Senators can find better work to do than holding a caucus to read anybody out of the Democratic party.

Eveny man has a right to strike and throw up his job whenever he feels so inclined; no man has a right to interfere with others or to destroy this? None at all. He but talks wiseproperty.

SYMPATHY for men on strike against a too greedy corporation and endorsement of the violation of law in any manner are entirely different feelings.

FEAR of the corporations on one hand and of the labor organizations

NOTHWITHSTANDING the epidemic of blatant demagogism we are passing I had no word from her, but a coldthrough, the sturdy common sense of ly worded note of farewell, and rethe people at large may be relied quest to be released from her pledge upon to bring things around all right in the end.

THERE is one thing about Grover Cleveland's backbone that pleases his know; what use to learn the details, low, but distinct, the notes of an old enemies as well as his friends; it meets the base part was enough. a great crisis with the same unbending attitude that it does the small affairs on their wedding journey so I had the direction of that gruesome wing. of official life.

THE fool killer must have made the work on this side.

isolated for treatment. Why then so, for I had no fancy for, nor belief this, that my landiady greeted me should anarchist agitators be allowed should they linger round the scene of 'I have some ne to remain at large? The authorities their suffering after kindly death had Holden, about the haunted house that protect the bodies of the people, why brought relief? not their minds?

INSTEAD of denouncing President Cleveland the labor organizations ought to thank him for having the had finished their evening concert and pursued the good lady, an old colored courage to interfere in time to prevent those organizations being led into taking steps that would have and flooded the old house with melbrought life long regret.

REPUBLICANS have scaled down their claims as to the majority they I began to long for human companionfifteen. Next November they will democratic.

THE labor organizations of New Orleans having several years ago conducted the most complete "sympathetic" strike on record, respectfully declined to repeat it at Mr. Deb's request. Once was enough.

CONGRESSMAN PASCHAL, of Texas, never spoke truer than when said: The Demagoguery in Congress and the press and among a restless, shal-low, low order of politicians is responsible for much of this contempt for all forms of law and government."

Some of the Democratic Senators would be better employed in showing their own claims to be called Democrats that in prepairing to read Sena-tor Hill out of the party.

## HAUNTED HOUSE RIVERDALE.

BY PHEBE FIELD. CHAPTER 1.

It was a calm still evening, so still not a leaf seemed to stir in the tall she asked. trees that so darkly shaded the old 'Well, house by the river.

It was a glorious looking house, large and square in the main part, with a small wing putting out on one and baby. side, though this wing was scarcely visable, being densely shaded by evergreens, and overun with ivy.

The building was devoid of paint,

tists, but not usually admired by the family, a cousin or something, and a thrifty Americans, who is lavish of real handsome young fellow. larger profit. Many short-sighted the most glorious hues in decorating. After that the lady used to be seen his domestic paradise.

> and weeds, as though they had not very like her mother. decade at least.

Nor had they, as far as known, for a terrible thing happened. the property was owned by parties in a distant city, and the house had been self through the heart. unoccupied for many years.

There were two reasons, at least, for this desertion. The house was pistol. common report, the place was 'haunt- shoot at a mark.

It had no appearance of being haunted by anything more animated closed, and no smoke ever curled from the blackened chimney where the wild prowling cat or marauding boy.

As I stood there idly leaning upon the sagging gate, and puffing a cigar I fell to musing over the old house, and wondering who had lived and plenty of "sand" and steam to carry loved, suffered and rejoiced within

> And a wave of sentimental pity swept over me for the old ruin, deserted, forlorn, yet doomed to stand there And I likened my own life to it, in the self pitying way to which young people are prone, for the light of my life had gone out and only the form

of it remained. I had resolved to not think of it, since coming to this country place to regain the health I had lost, for I well it was not overwork that had broken me down, but a great sorrow.

But what use to tell your physician y of 'overwork' and 'nervous prostration' and unfailingly prescribes 'rest'

and 'tonics.' So here I was taking the dictated rest from work, and the tonic in the shape of country air and food.

But in spite or all my resolutions der into the forbidden paths of con- down untasted. jecture, and I lived my trouble over ou the other will probably prevent again, in the vain effort to solve the that in taking my daily walk, my feet Congressional legislation on railroad mystery of Helena Johnson's marriage strayed in the direction of the old to Silas Gorden, for that she was false house. was a thought I could not and would It was noonday, and no moon not harbor.

to me.

And when, in hot haste, I traveled to the city in which my darling lived, she was married and gone. That was all I knew, or tried

Her father had accompanied them

not the poor satisfaction of demand- I would solve the mystery this ing an explanation of him.

mistake of going to Europe this year disappointment, I returned home and ging gate, and followed the scarcely without leaving a deputy to do his work, but outraged nature rebelled I had traversed but half the dis-Ir is difficult to understand that the place on the staff of one of the daily abruptiy as it had begun, and pro-

So I leaned there and dreamed, long after my eigar had burned out. Not a sound broke the profound cau! stillness of the place. Even the birds

and were safely hidden away for the The moon had risen, full orbed,

low light, while the trees cast long look after things.' shadows on the ground. Someway the silence oppressed me

expect to have in the next House to ship, I shivered slightly though not with cold, for the night was warm. fifteen. Next November they will I turned to go, when suddenly a know that the majority will be shrill scream broke on the startled air, person!' I asked the question idly, so shrill, so clear, yet so utterly dis-

> throb. 'Someone in agony or terror,' thought. as I hastily undid the my breath. Quite a mysterious person clumsy fastening of the old gate, and But have you seen her?' as I did so I caught a glimpse, between the trees that clustered around the wing of the building, of a tall slender figure clothed in white, all dress, black gloves, and an immense white from head to foot, the figure black sun bonnet." of a woman I felt sure, though I did

It was only a fleeting glimpse, yet a strange thrill ran over me.

not see the face.

I fairly ran up the path toward the ing there all alone, and she seemed thicket of trees, but neither sight feeble to, for she was quite stooped nor sound rewarded my diligent over and walked as if she found the search. There was no sign of life in basket of provisions too heavy a his sunshine, and once he was aided and or around the house. The shutters and doors were securely fastened, no light shone out of crack or crevice. I said, with which opinion my his sunshine, and once ne was aided and abetted by Marm Huldy. You see it came about this way:

Attached to the "bir house" and not

I spent an hour or so in vain search, and then returned to the vil-

quiries in regard to the haunted all about the old house and its new

My landlady, a simple kindly old soul, showed surprise at my ques-

'Well, it happened about eighteen

Years ago. of man, lived there with his wife old wing,

He was an inventor, I believe, a dreamy, abstracted man, who did'nt abode.' I thought 'surely she must want people around to bother him; be a courageous old party to live in so his wife, a sweet young thing, that gloomy house all alone.' and walls, roof, and even the window staid right at home with the little shutters, had acquired the same weath- girl. But one day a stranger came er beaten neutral tint, affected by ar- to the house, an old friend of the the country.

The walks and roads around the some stranger, usually accompanied of water, and so obtain a glimpse of old house were overgrown with grass by the little one, a quiet child and the old woman.

been trodden by foot of man for a So everyting went on smoothly as The fair young wife had shot her-

She was found in the library, by a servant who heard the report of the

situated on the outskirts of a half It was a little toy her husband had alive little village, where the houses given her some time before, to gratify outnumbered the families, and by the fancy she had taken to learm to

Poor lady, she had hit the mark too well that time.

'But was no one suspected of having than dust and decay, for the shutters killed her?' I asked. 'No, they sent were nailed down, the doors part for a doctor and the coroner, and the latter reported it a case of 'accidental shooting,' but whether it was accidenbirds built their nests, unmolested by tal, or whether the poor thing was unhappy and took her own life, no one will ever know.' 'Where was her husband at the

time,' I asked. 'He was out in the shrubbery with the visitor, and, poor man, he was nearly wild when they told him.' Did he take no steps to try and

discover the murderer?" The good lady looked at me in sur-

What need when there had been no murder?' she said simply. 'And the appearance at the house?' I asked the question in a careless tone, as I cracked the shell

of my second egg. 'O, they do say that the dead lady can be seen walking in the shrubbery, knew, what the doctors did not, that and sometimes a fearful scream is heard, as of some one in mortal

agony At what time do these occurences take place?' 'Always at night, and more especi-

ally on the seventh of June, the anniversary of the night on which she died. The seventh of June, and this was the eight!

Again that strange thrill passed to the contrary, my mind would wan- over me, and I put my cup of coffee It was perhaps a week after this

> threw ghostly shadows to startle the imagination.

I smiled a little in remembrance of my own folly. Strange what queer freaks a man's fancy will play upon

And then just as these thoughts passed through my mind, the sound of music fell upon my ear. Soft and tune played on a tinkling old piano, floated out upon the midday air, from

time! Well nigh frantic with grief and Again I passed through the sag at last, I was forced to relinquish my tance, when the music stopped as

'I have some news for you, Mr you are so interested in.

'Interested in!' I groaned in spirit. Hide anything from a woman if you

'The old house has aninmate, at last, 'Alone?'

'Yes, quite alone. Says she has come to take care of the house and Strange that the owners have taken so sudden an interest in the place after all these years.'

Better late than never, replied the good soul lacronicly. as I swung lazily in the hammock

pairing, that my heart gave a wild under the grateful shade of trees. 'Talk, no, she is dumb.'
'Dumb!' I whistled softly under 'Yes, at the corner store, she had

basket on her arm, and was an odd enough looking figure, in a black 'How did she make known her

wants?

'O, she can read and write.' I quite pitied the poor thing, liv-

good friend agreed most heartily. and went off to the river for a day of The next day I made cautious in-

> It was nearly nightfall, as slowly drifting down the stream, I passed by it, outlined big and gloomy against the evening sky.
>
> But I noticed two new feature

The owner, quite a youngish sort gleam of light shone out from the So the old lady likes to go boat

> A lew days later I happened to be near the place in taking a stroll across

ing, and has selected the wing for her

Acting on an impulse I opened the agging gate and went in. I followed the path leading to the back of the out riding or walking with the hand. building, meaning to ask for a drink

There had been a feeble attempt to clean up the place, and I noticed befar as anyone knew, until one night neath the trees near the wing that the rank weeds had been uprocted, and the dead leaves raked together. It was really quite pleasant in the fresh morning air.

All was quiet, save the rustle of the leaves, and the cooing of doves. Suddenly a sweet, low laugh fell on my wondering ears.

Low, but clear and musical as the note of the bobolink. Strange that a dumb person could

laugh like that. I came around the corner of the house and found the object of my search.

There was the old woman, dressed as my informent had described her; plain black gown, black bonnet, but with the addition of a large white

But what held me silent was the picture she made standing there in the bright morning sunshine, for a flock of doves hovered around her. One perched on her shoulder, one

on her hand, while others circled around her head uttering soft cooing With one hand the old woman was

scattering corn on the ground at her She was evidently not deaf, for my step on the gravel made her start and

look around

I made known my request for She nodded and hobbled off, leaving me in the sunshine watching the pink-footed birds as they jostled each

other in their eagerness to get the scattered corn. It seemed a long time before she reappeared, but she bore in her black

glove covered hand a glass of cool, sparking water. The hand that held the glass trembled, as though from extreme old age, the other was hidden under the white

'Thank you, Auntie,' I said, as I took the glass from her tremulous hand, 'It was too bad to put you to cabin during the day, but the old wom-

The head in the big bonnet shook

gently. 'Are you not afraid to live here alone so far from anyone?' I ventured. She only shook her head again, and more decidedly, and taking the empty glass vanished into the house.

I stood there a little while, hoping she would return, but she did not. The doves had finished their corn. and flown away, fluttering and cooing, and I too, turned away and

went slowly down the path. But as I walked I wondered, for the figure of the old black crone, when I first came upon her, was erect as a young saplin, and I could have sworn that the ungloved hand that scattered the golden corn was small and white!

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Mother Have You a Baby?

calling themselves 'undustrials," is of the southing attraction of the southing attraction of the southing attraction of the southing attraction of the south and sof strikers.

MEN with small-pox or cholera are isolated for treatment. White isolated for treatment is like to southing attraction of the s If so, get from your druggist to-day for 20

## GUILTY HANDS.

Yes, sir, it was the spring of 1865 You could tell that from the way the clouds blew up from Richmond, but the inhabitants of "ole Squire Godbolt's" quarters were the only ones who knew that sign. Marm Huldy originated the idea. She would stand in the midst of a conclave of woolly heads, and pointing to shadowy clouds just rising above the horizon would roll her eyes in most orac ular fashion, and her words would not a hal emerge ponderously, as the telling blows the bed?

of a sledge hammer,
"De smoke am 'cendin," she would say, "and de Yanks am hittin hard. Chillun, we am gwine to lebe here

No one doubted her. They had gree faith in Marm Huldy, and she told their fortunes in coffee grounds and chased the witches away from their beds. But there was one man who did not believe in signs. That was Terror Fire. He would grunt disdainfully at her prognostications and heap ridicule upon her

would scream wrathfully, "some ob my signs am gwine ter be yo' ondoin. Now, yo' min. Yo' ain't done been bit fo' yo min. Yo ain't done been bit fo' times by a moccasin fer nuttin. Dat's sign enuff dat de debble am in yer. Now, all yo' niggers hear me talkin?' "We hears yo', Marm Huldy," they would say, and Terror Fire would laugh a load slow learth and track off to kin a loud, slow laugh and trot off to his cabin. He was great, Terror was. He was the surly, cynical Diogenes of the

"Nebber yo' min, Terror Fire," she

well. There were more hens than roostand much prized. However, there we several roosters, but one hig fellow, who was sultan of the harem. He "ruled the roost," and every morning just at day his voice was the first living sound to about the place; a little boat lay at be heard. This fellow was named Adam the old boat landing, and a faint and was the apple of Mrs. Godbolt's eye. She knew his crow from all the others and every morning would arouse herself and every morning would arouse herself to catch the liquid notes of his early salutation; then she would fall asleep means that he trades in anything which salutation; then she would fall asleep again, satisfied that he was there.

But one day she awake and listened, and listened in vain, for the call of the chanticleer. The shades of midnight vanished, and the rising sun peeped in hours of the morning to look round the through the cracks, and still no sound markets, he may not even know whether through the cracks, and still no sound had roused the sleeping world. Not a cock had crowed. They were waiting for the great lord to have his "say," but the great lord a voice was silent, and Mrs. Godbolt's heart shuddered within her. Godbolt's heart shuddered within her. I does not receive the great lord to say the say the say that the first, only the say the say the say that converting is too dear, and She awoke the squire, and together they repaired to the fowlhouse. There, on the roosts and in the nests and on the Covent Garden. When he thus arises to covert Garden. ground, were all the chickens, safe and with the lark, he cannot tell whether he sound, all but—Adam. Mrs. Godbolt will have "a good day" or a very poor gave a little scream, and the squire rushed into the house and blew the horn. Madly, fiercely, he blew it, and the sounds brought all the negroes into the

"Now," said Squire Godbolt, "I want you all to listen, for I have got something to say. You are all paying attention?"

"Yes, sah," they chorused, and Marm Huldy whispered, "De 'mancipation am done come; de smoke am a 'cendin from

But she was wrong; the next words showed how wrong, and scattered all ecstatic hopes. roared the squire, "Adam

is gone, and I am going to find him. Now, the nigger who has that rooster step up and hand him over." His words fell like a thunderbolt. They all knew Adam, and they saw from the squire's determined look that

he meant what he said. "Hand him over," reiterated the squire, and every negro's knees shook. 'But we ain't got him, squire, an how can we han him ober when we

It was Terror Fire who spoke, and some of them wondered at his nerve, but Marm Huldy smiled and shook her head.
"Thunderation!" yelled the squire.
"Well, he's gone, and somebody's got
him, and I mean to find out where he is."

They argued there for two hours, and at the end of that time were no wiser than at first. Then Marm Huldy came to the rescue. She stepped up to the squire, and dropping a "curtsy" wished to have a word in private. The negroes were dumfounded.

"Marm Huldy couldn't a-stolé dat rooster," they said. "Marm Huldy am But whatever Marm Huldy was con-

fessing it pleased the squire, and he bowed his head and smiled two or three times during the discourse. Then Marm Huldy stepped back, and the 'squire advanced to the front. "You may all go now," he said, "but

tonight at 7 o'clock I want to see you all back in this yard—every chick and child." And they departed. Many of them shunned Marm Huldy's

an was busy up at the was not aware of it. Night canse and with it all the hands from the quarters. They were all there at 7 o'clock sharp. Ten minutes past Squire Godbolt came out and after him Marm Huldy and two boys with a great, black pot. The squire drew a circle and placed the inverted pot in the center.

Then he turned to the crowd. "Now," he said, "all of you see that pot? Well, that is to decide who stole Adam." There was a show of interest. "Adam is gone, and he has got to be found, or his approximate whereabouts. Now, all of you step up. I am going to extinguish the light, and it will be dark. Then all of you walk around that pot, touching it with your two hands as you pass. Let your palms come down full upon it. You all see that pot. It has been washed, but after the test and the light is turned on the guilty man will have soot upon his hands. Now, out with the

light, and here goes." They formed in a ring and around the pot they passed, some slapping it hard so the sound could be heard.

"There, now!" called the squire, "all around. Very well. On with the light and hand up your hands. The light was made and the negroes passed by for inspection. But what was their consternation, for on every pair of hands there was a coat of soot! One by one they came, with sorrow depicted on

grinned broadly and showed the whites of his eyes philosophically. "Come on," called the squire, and Terror stepped up glibly. "Hold out your hands." He passed them out, and,

their faces-all but Terror Fire's He

and behold, they were clean!
"Ah," said the squire, "here is the rogue," and Terror's grin folded behind "He was afraid to touch the pot. He

vas afraid the soot would stick to his

hands. Now, Terror, up and confess.' Terror's knees shook beneath him, but the evidence was convincing. Was there not a half of Adam still hidden under He confessed, and some more of his

"What I tell yo'?" she asked. "What I tell yo', Terror Fire? Dis ninger am

sunshine was obstructed. Marm Huldy

laughed and shook her fat sides with

far from the quarters there was a poul-try yard, and in this poultry yard there flourished and grew many fewls of both sexes. They were beautiful birds and the pride of Mrs. Godbolt's heart. Very the pride of Mrs. Godbolt's heart. Very no foot-she know, an I tell yo' dat Cha sign nebber fail. De smoke am 'ceadgwine left here soon, but I tell yo', Terry, de signs am dat yo's gwine left yo'r hide behin "—Elizabeth A. Hines in Atlanta Constitution.

CUSTOMS OF COSTERS.

They Lead a Precarious Life, but Are Phi-

writer in the London Quiver says

Though the coster's work is extremely hard and his profits are precarious h nables him to turn an honest penny.

The most despairing time of all is when the markets all round are too dear to allow of the barrow being "loaded up." If the coster can clear 3 or 4 shillings in the day, he will not be downhearted, and should he earn nothing, or even make a loss, he looks at the mater as philosophically as one could expect. There are shrewd business men mong the costers who rise into thriv ing shopkeepers. The bank establish ent for their own use teaches them to save, and the evening for receiving deposits will be one of the liveliest of the eek. The fact is also learned that there is strength in unity, so that the London Union of General Dealers in its way exercises as farreaching an in- DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,

fluence as a city guild. The chairman might correctly have described himself in the words of one of his brethren, "I ain't a eddicated person, but I know wot's wot." He proved this characteristic by rising into a thriving tradesman, having one or two shops, and when on one occasion his errand boy stole a box containing nearly 100 sovereigns the police would not believe that such a man had so much money to be stolen. The fact was as stated, however, and the "general dealer" still continued to make progress, while he was well known to ord Shaftesbury, who publicly alluded to him as "My friend -..." sight it may appear to be a humble thing to be a leading spirit among such humble folk, but in a way there is ample scope for administrative ability and enterprise.

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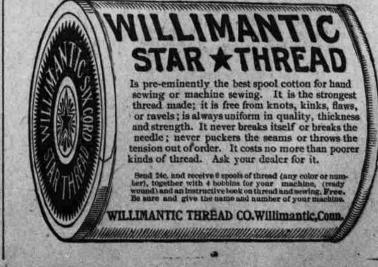
Fraudulent Sweetbreads

"A true sweetbread is perhaps the most healthy meat that can be eaten,' said a doctor yesterday, "but you are never able to get it. The sweetbread proper is the pancreas, which is one of the most effective agents in promoting digestion, but the sweetbread of trade is usually obtained from the throats of cattle and is what is called the thyroid gland. This gland rests against the windpipe, and while its texture is similar to that of the real sweetbread it has not the same beneficial qualities. But some butchers, in order to make money, pass off the salivary gland, that which furnishes the saliva, located in the cheeks, for a sweetbrend. This is the most inferior substitute of all. The pancreas, or real sweetbread, is a most dainty morsel. It is of triangular form, while the sweetbreads obtained from the throat are of an oval form. what is the use of making people dis satisfied? They have been eating thyroid and salivary glands for sweetbre for years and have been satisfied. But then they have never tasted the real thing."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Too Paltry.

"Mr. Superintendent, I have come to report that last night as I was going ome somebody fired a pistol at me, the ball of which went right through my hat

"Is that all? You can come again when the bullet has gone through your head. Before then I am not in a position to deal



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October	do	do	do
November.	đo	đó	do
December.	do	do	do
February	do	do	do
March.	do	do	do
April.	do	do	do
May.	do	do	do
June	do	do	do

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